
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:24:06 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 10/12/2006 8:28 PM

Saturday, August 4, 2068, 4:35 p.m. local time, Los Angeles(6:35 p.m. same day, Kansas;
Sunday, August 5, 2068, 11:35 a.m., Tracy Island)

There was an emergency team waiting for them as soon as they hit the tarmac of the helijet pad. The people were very professional, pulling Dianne out, Stokes basket and all, beginning their triage of her right then and there. Another team came up as soon as the first was away, and these folks insisted on taking charge of Dom and Nikki, asking questions, providing a wheelchair for Nikki and support for a now-swaying Dom. Scott pocketed three data chips, and spoke to the two people who remained. One was the head of security, who introduced herself as Carol Ferris; the other, an officious looking public relations man who shook his hand vigorously and said his name was Geraldo Montoya.

"Should I leave One here, or is there somewhere else I should take her?" he asked Carol, as he buttoned up his Thunderbird and armed the security systems.

"We're making other arrangements for your vehicle, clearing some parking lot near the back of the building where it won't be so conspicuous," she said as she fell into step with him. "I'll let you know when we're ready."

He nodded. "I may not be here that long, depending on what my commanding officer says. But I appreciate the effort."

"Uh, sir?" Montoya had trouble keeping up with Scott's long stride. "I was wondering if I could release some statement from you and your organization, especially with regards to just why you chose our hospital. The press will be pounding on our door any moment now and I need to have something to tell them."

Scott bit back his first, caustic reply, then remembered Dianne's words. He smiled faintly. "Well, sir, our CMO knew that the hospitals in Wichita were already swamped with casualties from the tornadoes that have ravaged the area. She chose to go elsewhere to spare them the extra burden, and she chose Mercy General because of its superb imaging facilities."

Geraldo's face was covered with a beatific smile. "Oh, thank you, sir. That's perfect." He picked up the pace. "Come along and meet our chief of surgery. He'll be working on your people himself."

Wouldn't you be surprised if you knew that I've already met your head surgeon, Scott thought as he hurried along.

The emergency department was a scene of controlled chaos, one that Carol threaded through with practiced ease. She took him to the room where Dianne was being evaluated. The blue scrubs had already been cut away and Scott winced at the glimpses of deep bruising he saw on his stepmother's abdomen. If those damn scrubs were made of Penelar...

"Come over here." Carol took his elbow and guided him to the central station. Scott relaxed slightly to see the tall figure of Drew Carmichael standing there, looking over a data pad. "Dr. Carmichael, this is the International Rescue member who brought our latest patients to us."

Scott put out his hand. "You can call me Maverick." Drew shook it, then Scott pulled out the three data chips. "Here are pertinent vital statistics for our three operatives. This is for Tynan, the dark haired man. This is Angel's information; she's the nurse with the sprained ankle. And, this is Doc's info; she's the one who has the worst injuries."

"Your doctor is among the injured?" Montoya asked, incredulous. Scott nodded. Drew focused on the chips as he slipped them into fresh data pads. "I remember meeting Angel and your doctor briefly in Samoa."

"You know them?" Montoya's voice was nearly a squeak.

"No, I don't 'know' them, Gerry," Drew said impatiently. "I met them. Briefly. I was impressed."

"So was our doctor," Scott said, suddenly knowing another reason he could give for choosing that hospital. "That's probably one of the reasons our doctor chose Mercy."

"Possibly. I'm sure she had other, better reasons." Drew called out to a couple of interns. "Dave, Terry! Here's info for the IR patient in room five, and this one's for the patient in room eight." He handed the data pads to the young man and the young woman who had answered his summons. "Let's keep all this under wraps as much as possible."

"Yes, sir." "Of course, Doctor." The two interns hustled off to deliver the information to those working on the IR nurses.

"Now, let's see about your doctor," Drew said. He gave Scott a small smile. "She's in my hands now and I'm going to my best for her. Carol here can show you where you can wait."

"F... Thank you," Scott said. He watched as Drew entered the trauma room, then the doors swung shut and Carol led him away to an empty VIP waiting room.

"I'll be preparing the secure floor for your people," she told him. "If you need anything, just call."

"I will, thank you." And with that, he was left alone with his thoughts and his exhaustion.